

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



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LEND A HAND.

LIFE is made of ups and downs—
Lend a hand;
Life is made of thorns and crowns;
If you would the latter wear,
Lift some crushed heart from despair—
Lend a hand.

Crowns are not alone of gold!
Lend a hand;
Diamonds are bought and sold;
But the crowns that good men own,
Come from noble deeds alone—
Lend a hand.

Many crowns that many wear—
Lend a hand;
Never in the sunlight glare;
Diamonds never in them shine,
Yet they hold a light divine—
Lend a hand.

Hold a light that ne'er shall fade—
Lend a hand;
Beauty, art hath never made;
For these crowns that good men wear,
Everlasting are, as rare—
Lend a hand.

Would you own so bright a crown?
Lend a hand;
When you see a brother down,
Lead him from the deep, dark night,
Place him in the morning light—
Lend a hand. —Selected.

HUNTING THE DEER.

THE subject of hunting is one which has ever had a peculiar interest for the people of all countries. Under the old Roman government, it was established as a law that, as the natural right of things which have no master belongs to the first possessor, wild beasts, birds, and fishes were to be the property of him who could take them first. Consequently all were free to hunt when and wherever they chose. But the Roman government was afterward subverted by northern barbarians, who had a stronger love for the diversion of hunting, and whose chiefs began to appropriate the *right* of hunting; and instead of a *natural* right, to make it a *royal* one. And thus in the Old World the right of hunting belongs to the king and those who derive it from him. In this country the *natural* right is still recognized, although the game is protected during certain portions of the year by very stringent laws.

Of all the wild beasts that roam through the forests of this country, and that are so eagerly sought by the hunter, the deer stands among the first. Not only is he hunted for the

sport of it, but for his value. Every part of him is utilized in some way.

There are many different methods of hunting him. Our engraving represents a party of hunters "stalking" deer by night, when the deer frequent rivers or lakes, standing or wading in the water, to rid themselves of troublesome insects. The hunter watches for the deer, and by throwing a bright light upon them from a lan-



tern or torch, dazzles their eyes, and moving carefully in a boat, can easily approach within gunshot of them. In this way many are easily secured.

Many different species of this beautiful animal are found in different parts of the globe. The smallest species known is found in Ceylon. It is a lovely little creature, and of beautiful form. When full grown, it is only ten inches high, fourteen long, and weighs five pounds. Its throat, head, and neck, are all white; its body is gray, striped with black, and spotted at equal distances with yellow. Although very timid, it can be tamed; but when angry, it kicks and stamps violently. A certain traveler says he saw one which had been domesticated, and was very tame. It was placed on a table at dinner-time, and ran about among the dishes nibbling the fruits. Several years ago, one of the little creatures was brought to England, but, unable to stand the climate, it soon sickened and died.

J. W. B.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

YOU have all no doubt heard of the quaint old city of Strasburg in Germany and its famous cathedral, which contains a time-piece counted as one of the wonders of the world. This curious clock was made over four hundred years ago by a German, who worked upon it forty years; and when the task was completed, it is said that cruel men put out his eyes with red-

opens, showing the figure of Death. Soon after, the right door of the chapel opens, and figures representing the twelve apostles come out in procession, while the center door opens and the Saviour comes in sight. As the apostles reach him, they pause, and one by one, except Peter, turn toward him and bow. The bow is returned by our Saviour. A Roman sentinel on the left turns on a pedestal and appears to ask Peter if he is not Christ's disciple. Peter turns his back to Christ in denial. A cock perched on the right corner flaps his wings and crows. Satan appears and disappears in the balcony above.

As Judas passes by, Satan again appears and seems to exult over him. The Roman sentinel turns around, and the left door closes the scene.

I have now something still stranger to tell you. Some years ago a poor lad in Germany, named Fritz Von Engle, was apprenticed by his father to a watch-maker. He was a faithful boy, and worked hard to learn the trade. Day after day he visited the cathedral, and his spare moments were spent in examining the wonderful clock. The sexton, a kind old man, let him look at the ma-

chinery. His mind became filled with the idea of reproducing the work. For seven long years he toiled, and at last succeeded in making a facsimile of the original. When the last weight was adjusted and the whole thing accomplished, his mind failed him. The anxiety, the toil, and the brain labor proved too much, and with the completion of his work the light of reason went out forever, and in six months he died, at the age of twenty-five years.

The clock was purchased of the heirs by Capt. J. Reid, an American agent in Europe. It is now in America. Not long since, I had the pleasure of examining it. It is one-third the size of the original, and so arranged that the apostles come out every half hour during the day and evening, and can be produced seven times each hour besides. It contains a music box and a wonderful chime of bells, that add greatly to its attractions. It is certainly an intricate piece of mechanism, and its curious history renders it most interesting.

ELIZA H. MORTON.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible, composed of the Old and New Testaments, was written by inspiration. The Old Testament, containing thirty-nine books, was written mostly in Hebrew; the New Testament, containing twenty-seven books, was written wholly in Greek.

The first English Testament was translated by Tyndal, and printed in the year 1526. And strange does this edition seem to the reader of the present time. The first part of the last chapter of Revelation reads as follows: "And he shewed me a pure ryver off water off lyfe pure as cristall: procedyng oute of the seate off God and of the lambe. In the myddes off the strete off hit and off ether syde off the ryver was there wode off lyfe: which bare XII manner off frutes: and gave frute every moneth: and the leves off the wodde served to heale the people with all." The first complete English Bible was printed in 1535; and in 1611 our present Bible was translated by order of King James the First.

About the middle of the twelfth century it required the earnings of a day-laborer for fifteen years to purchase a single copy of the Bible. Now, a copy may be had for the earnings of a few hours.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable movements of modern times is the effort being made by different societies to circulate the Holy Scriptures. Over fifty millions of Bibles and Testaments have been issued and circulated by two societies alone. At present the Bible is published in about 230 different languages. "Its voice has gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world." Being of divine origin, it is a true guide for all men. It is a history, a counsellor, a comforter, and a revealer of secrets. Men of all ages have revered its holy pages. The wise have studied it for wisdom, the learned for its beauty, and the poor for its riches. It tells of our Maker and Redeemer, our origin and destiny. How then ought we to study its sayings and obey its commands!

The Bible is written in the purest and simplest language. Often do we find the whole of a vast subject expressed in a few simple words. In no other book do we find so many beautiful thoughts, so clearly expressed. It contains some of the finest figures of rhetoric, and the most sublime writings in the English language,—yet so clear and plain that even a child may read and understand. What other book do the ignorant and unlearned so well like to hear read? Would that thousands more could study and read its sacred pages; for truly it is "a Book of books." It is the child of love, and the parent of civilization and refinement. It breaks the power of sin, and lifts man from his lowest degradation.

Oh! Book of awful majesty, in whose sublime pages we see Jacob wrestling with the angel of God; or David playing on his harp and singing the song, "Praise ye the Lord; for he is good, and kind are all his ways; His precepts too are kind and true;

and ever shall remain;" or Daniel, three times each day, in his chamber, with his face toward Jerusalem, praying to his God. Yes, we can see Jesus stilling the tempest, or walking on the waves of dark Galilee; healing the blind, or weeping over the grave of Lazarus; and John, alone on the isle of Patmos, beholding that great city, the New Jerusalem, descending from Heaven, having the glory of God.

Its pictures are bright to the good, and dark to the ungodly. Thou Book of love and beauty, that melts the heart with reverence, that shines, the light of the widow and orphan's home, the glory of the Christian's cot, the beacon of a sinful race,—thou, time-honored Book of Jehovah, shalt "be our guide even unto death."

E. B. MILLER.

IT MAY NOT BE.

IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatso'er is willed is done.

ETHEL'S DAY-DREAMING.

ETHEL LANSING was a bright, intelligent girl, but instead of making the most of present moments in performing little loving deeds of kindness, she was somewhat of a day-dreamer. To snuggle up in a great arm-chair and plan what she would do if she were rich or a little older, was, with her, a favorite way of passing time.

"What, cuddled up in the arm-chair and not doing anything!" said Mrs. Lansing, as she passed through the sitting-room. "You would better go and help Nora amuse the baby, or get your work."

"O mamma, I was wishing so much that I could do some real brave thing—was rich and could scatter lots of money among the poor, or was old enough to go off upon some foreign mission, as Mrs. Wright is now preparing to do, and everybody talking of her self-sacrificing spirit. Would n't it be splendid, if I could do something of the kind?"

"Again day-dreaming, I see, Ethel, and forgetting present duties," replied her mother, with a grave shake of the head. "Do n't you think the best way is to improve your present opportunities for doing good?"

"Why, you surely do n't call amusing the baby or finishing Kittie's apron doing good?"

"Anything that can add to the happiness of those about you, my child, is more commendable than looking forward to an uncertain future to better yourself, as you imagine. Shall I tell you an Indian legend?"

"An Indian legend?" asked Ethel, in wondering surprise. "Yes, mamma. I always like your 'illustrative stories,' as you call them."

"There was once a beautiful Indian girl upon whom one of the good genii wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her:—

"Daughter, in the field before us

the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have talismanic virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field but once, and pluck but one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward, and thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as a talisman.'

"The maiden thanked the good genius, and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced, she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe, and beautiful, such as calm judgment might have told her would possess virtues enough; but in her eagerness to grasp the *very best*, she left those fair ears behind, hoping she might find one still fairer. At length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very thin and shriveled.

"Winnona now regretted the grand ears she had left behind, and disdained to pick from the poor show that surrounded her, for here she found not an ear which bore perfect grain. She went on, but alas! only to find the stalks more and more feeble and blighted, until in the end, as the day was closing and the night coming on, she found herself at the end of the field, without having plucked an ear of any kind.

"No need that the good genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many, in all climes and in all ages, in the evening of life, have sadly and regretfully called to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in season."

Ethel readily saw the point to her mother's illustrative story, and at once exclaimed:—

"You think I am going through the field like Winnona, seeking for something better, and by-and-by will be sorry that I did not pluck some good ear of corn near at hand."—JOSIE KEEN, in *Child's Paper*.

TWO GOOD HANDS.

WHEN I was a boy, I once became especially interested in the subject of inheritances. I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was; so one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him, and this was his reply: "My inheritance? I will tell you what it was,—two good hands and an honest purpose to make the best use in my power of my hands and of the time God gave me." Though it is many years since, I can remember distinctly the tones of my father's voice as he spoke, with both of his hands uplifted to give emphasis to his words.

Many a boy does not receive a large inheritance of money or lands; but every one has a pair of good hands, which are better than thousands of money. And the good purpose to make the best use of them is in every boy's power. Remember this wise injunction, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

WORN OUT.

PASSED a boat to-day on the shore,
That will be launched on the sea no more.

Worn and battered—the straight keel bent,
The side like a ruined rampart rent;

Left alone with no covering,
For who would steal such a useless thing?

It was shapely once, when the shipwright's
hand
Had laid each plank as the master planned;

And it danced for joy on the curling wave,
When first the sea's broad breast it clave;

And it felt the pulse of the well-timed stroke,
That rang on the thole-pin of tuneful oak.

Oft has it carried home the spoil
Of fishers, tired with night-long toil;

And often, in summer days, it knew
The laugh of a pleasure-seeking crew;

Or launched by night on the blinding waves,
It has rescued a life from the sea's dark caves.

It is useless now, as it lies on the beach,
Drawn high beyond the billow's reach;

And none of all it has served in stress
Remember it now in its loneliness.

SYMPATHY.

AN eminent clergyman sat in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!" The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with the slightest tone of impatience, said, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said in a low voice, "Yes, but you might have said, 'Oh!'" Alas! how many of us "children of a larger growth" have gone away hugging our hurt, with a sadder hurt in our hearts for lack of one little sympathizing word. To most of us, in the *great* trials of life, sympathy comes freely enough; but for the small aches and hurts, the daily smarts and bruises, how many a heart hungers in vain for the most meager dole. "It is such a briery world!" as a little girl said the other day, while making her way through a blackberry thicket. The briars meet us at every turn, and there is nothing like sympathy to ease their pricks and stings.

SELF-CULTURE.

THE great means of self-culture, that which includes all the rest, is to fasten on this culture as our great end; to determine deliberately and solemnly, that we will make the most and the best of the powers which God has given us. Without this resolute purpose, the best means are worth little, and with it the poorest become mighty. You may see thousands, with every opportunity of improvement which wealth can gather—teachers, libraries, and apparatus—bringing nothing to pass, and others, with few helps, doing wonders; and simply because the latter are in earnest, and the former are not. A man in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them. A vigorous purpose makes much out of little, breathes power into weak instruments, disarms difficulties, and even turns them into assistances. Every condition has means of progress, if we have spirit enough to use them.—*Channing*.

The Sabbath-School.

FOURTH Sabbath in February.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

LESSON 4.—REVIEW.

1. Give the chief events from the creation to the flood.
2. How old was the world when the flood destroyed its inhabitants?
3. How old was Noah when he died?
4. How long did he live after the flood?
5. What was the most important event of that period?
6. What noted patriarch was born two years after the death of Noah?
7. How long was it from the birth of Abraham to the time when Jacob, with all his family, went into Egypt?
8. How long did the Israelites remain in Egypt?
9. How were they treated there?
10. How were they delivered?
11. Where did they receive the ten commandments?
12. How many years were they in the wilderness?
13. How long was it from the time of leaving Egypt to the time when Saul began to reign?
14. How long was it from the beginning of Saul's reign to the close of Solomon's?
15. How was the kingdom divided?
16. How long did the kingdom of Israel continue?
17. How much longer did the kingdom of Judah last?
18. Give a brief account of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon.
19. Tell something about their return, and the rebuilding of the temple.
20. Tell who were the principal prophets, when they lived, and what they did.
21. Who rebuilt the temple a short time before the birth of Christ?
22. What name is given to the country where most of the things happened that we have learned about in our Bible lessons?
23. Describe the situation of the Holy Land.
24. Describe the route from our country to the Holy Land.
25. Describe the route from Joppa to Jerusalem.
26. Tell some things that we would see in passing by Jerusalem on the west side.
27. Describe the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem.
28. Describe Rachel's tomb; Bethlehem.

LESSONS ON NEW-TESTAMENT HISTORY.

LESSON 17.—MIRACLES BY THE SEA OF GALILEE.

WHILE OUR Lord had his home at Capernaum, he often walked by the sea of Galilee, looking over the bright water, and watching the busy fishermen at their labor. On one occasion, when the people who had come out to see and hear him were so numerous as to make it inconvenient for all to reach him, he stepped into a fishing-boat and asked the owners of it to push out a little way from land. When he had gained a position where all could easily see and hear him, he began to teach "the waiting people on the shore."

Now the boat in which Jesus sat, belonged to Simon Peter and his brother Andrew; and when the Lord had finished his discourse, he said to Simon, "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon answering said, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing, nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." Now when the net was cast, it was filled with such a multitude of fishes, that Simon and Andrew could not draw it in, but were obliged to call for help; for the net began to break. John and James, who were in another boat, came at once to the assistance of their friends, for they were partners with Simon and Andrew. So great was the draught of fishes that both boats were filled to the point of sinking. The fishermen were greatly astonished, and knew that their Lord had worked a miracle.

These men had been with Jesus before, and had seen him work miracles; but this miracle was different from those they had seen wrought. They were with him at the passover when the money-changers were driven out; they had journeyed with him through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee; but now they had returned to their former occupation, and were earning a livelihood by toiling on the sea. Jesus was about to call them to leave all and follow him, and it may have been especially for their encouragement that this miracle was wrought. They had toiled all the weary night and had taken nothing; but now, at a time undoubtedly regarded by them as most unfavorable, they had, at the word of their Lord, taken more than they could well care for. Thus he taught them how easily the Lord can provide for the temporal wants of those who give themselves to his service. Then he told them that if they would follow him, he would make them fishers of men.

And they went into Capernaum, and on the Sabbath-day, when he taught in the synagogue, all were astonished, "for his word was with power." And there was present a man who had the spirit of an unclean devil, and cried out, saying, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee, who thou art, the Holy One of God! And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And when the devil had thrown him in the midst, he came out of him, and hurt him not. And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out! And the fame of him went out into every place of the country round about."

QUESTIONS.

1. What was our Lord accustomed to do while he had his home at Capernaum?
2. What expedient did he employ on one occasion when the people pressed upon him? Luke 5.
3. Who owned the boat in which he sat while preaching?
4. When his discourse was finished, what did he tell Peter to do?
5. What reply did Peter make?
6. What was the result of casting the net?
7. Who came to the assistance of Peter and Andrew?
8. How great was the draught of fishes?
9. What effect did this miracle have upon the fishermen?
10. How did this miracle differ from others that these men had seen Jesus perform? *It was a miracle that aided them in providing for the necessities of life, and they could the better appreciate it because it took effect in the business with which they were so well acquainted.*
11. How had they been associated with Christ before this?
12. How had they lately been employed?
13. What was Jesus about to do?
14. For what especial purpose may this miracle have been wrought?
15. What circumstances made this miracle impressive?
16. What did it teach them?
17. When their minds and hearts had been thus suitably impressed, what did he tell them?
18. How were the people of Capernaum astonished by his preaching in the synagogue on the Sabbath-day? Mark 1:21, 22.
19. How were the services interrupted? Luke 4:33.
20. Repeat the words of the demoniac. Verse 34.
21. How did Jesus rebuke the evil spirit? Verse 35.
22. What followed?
23. How did the people give expression to their amazement? Verse 36.
24. How did this miracle add to the fame of Jesus? Verse 37.

YOUR success in teaching, as in life, will depend very largely on how you work at it. Enthusiasm, courage, faith, and integrity, will win.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE sea of Galilee! We speak it reverently; for what place in all the Holy Land is so inseparably connected with the life and teachings of our Saviour? In the cities and villages around it, he performed most of his mighty works; from a boat on the margin of this sea, he taught the assembled multitudes; over its clear waters he often sailed; on them he walked, and hushed the tempest to a great calm; in a desert place on its shore he twice fed the gathered multitude with a few loaves and fishes; and on its hallowed shores it was, that, after his resurrection, he kindled the fire of coals on the sand,—“on the wet, wild sands by the sea,”—and bade his tempest-tossed disciples come and dine with him there,—

“Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, ‘Lov'st thou me?’
Thrice over, ‘Lov'st thou me?’”

But why enumerate farther in a place whose very mention calls to mind some miracle or word of Him who “spake as never man spake”? Honored above all others be those waters which so often bore on their bosom the Lord of glory!

“The sea is a beautiful sheet of limpid water lying in a deep, depressed basin, and shut in by rounded hills, which rise steeply from its margin.” The river Jordan enters it at the northern end, and passes out at its southern end, the bed of the lake being simply a lower section of the great Jordan valley. Says Dr. Fish, a traveler in the Holy Land: “The sight is very lovely,—a clear, blue expanse of water, in oval form, fourteen miles long and half as wide, and almost completely embosomed in hills, with the Jordan flowing in at one end and out at the other,—a sparkling diamond suspended by a silver thread.”

Some travelers describe the scenery of this lake as tame and monotonous, having neither the romantic boldness of that around the Dead Sea nor the softer beauties of our western lakes. But others who have visited it in the spring-time, when the hills around were covered with grass and flowers, are almost entranced with the “quiet beauty” of the little lake. Mr. Prime is enthusiastic in its praise. He says:—

“Of the beauty of the scene I cannot say enough, nor can I imagine where those travelers carried their eyes, who have described the scenery of the lake as tame or uninteresting. The first great characteristic of it is the deep basin in which it lies. This is from three to four hundred feet deep on all sides except at the lower end, and the sharp slope of the banks, which are all of the richest green, is broken and diversified by the wady and water-courses which work their way down through the sides of the basin, forming dark chasms or light sunny valleys. Near Tiberias these banks are rocky, and ancient sepulchers open in them, with their doors toward the water. They selected grand spots, as did the Egyptians of old, for burial places, as if they designed that when the voice of God should reach the sleepers, they should walk forth and open their eyes on scenes of glorious beauty. On the east, the wild and desolate mountains contrast finely with the deep blue lake; and toward the north, sublime and majestic, Hermon looks down on the sea, lifting his white crown to heaven with the pride of a hill that has seen the departing footsteps of a hundred generations.”

Surely no one can visit the sea of Galilee, even in imagination, without appreciating, as never before, the beauty and aptness of the Saviour's parables and the reality of his teachings. Yet what a feeling of sadness comes over the traveler as he sees how different are all things from

what they were in the time of our Saviour! “All around the sea silence and desolation reign; rarely is a human being met with in one's travels.” The towns that once crowded the shores of the lake are gone, and of some of them even the ruins cannot be identified. The fish still inhabit the sea, but there are no fishermen to spread the net.

“Oh, how lonely are we
As we walk by the sea
Where the Master so often has stood!
Yet, thou dear Galilee!
We would linger by thee,
Where the voice of our Lord stilled the
tempest's loud roar;
And his servants are we,
Whom he comes now to see,
As he stands in the morning on the shore.”

E. B.

SECURING ATTENTION.

To secure attention, the teacher must not only bear in mind those things which help to prepare him for his work, but he must consider the wants of his pupils. His treatment of them affects his measure of success. There are three things to which the teacher should appeal:—

The Scholar's Curiosity.—The inquisitiveness of a child should be regarded by the parent and teacher as a hopeful feature. These little inquiries are like so many rootlets reaching out for new ideas, grasping new trains of knowledge that are to build up the mind, give it life, vigor, and expansion. The love for the new and strange are legitimate and wholesome aspirations, of which the teacher must avail himself in securing the attention of his pupils. The human mind is constructed so as to relish, and, indeed, to require variety, if it is to be directed, or its attention gained. Adults are no less fond of what is new and interesting than are children.

Nature appeals to our curiosity in its endless beauty and variety. There is variety in the landscape we enjoy; hills, valleys, rivers, and lakes, to say nothing of the charms in the vegetable and floral kingdoms, spread themselves in rich profusion for our attention and admiration. God has, in his realm of grace, equally consulted our nature, and spreads truth at our feet, not gathered *en masse* and classified abstractly, but in bountiful profusion, scattered and diversified through his revealed word, clothed in freshness and beauty.

Praise God, Christian teacher, for his rich grace, in giving us the visible, that thereby we may grasp the invisible; that by the known we may be made acquainted with the unknown.

The Scholar's Confidence.—This is a plant of slow growth, and needs careful culture. Guard it with great care. Nurse it tenderly, and allow nothing to hinder its steady growth. Every teacher will know how to value it. Without it, little can be done in teaching; and certainly attention will be wanting, if confidence is absent.

The teacher needs the scholar's confidence in his personal piety. His daily walk will strengthen or weaken the scholar's respect for him. How can the teacher plead with his pupils successfully, if they doubt his sincerity, his character, or his Christian fidelity! His tears are vain, and his words fall lifeless on their ears.

So live, teacher, that you may win the love and unwavering confidence of the precious souls placed in your charge. It will help to secure attention.

The Scholar's Conscience.—As it may be developed, lay hold of it, and appeal to it appropriately. As the moral sensibilities become manifest, the teacher should, by well-directed efforts, secure for the truth not only a patient and attentive hearing, but a prompt and hearty obedience. The teacher cannot afford to omit the cultivation of his pupil's conscience. Keen sensitiveness must be encouraged. The higher sense of right and wrong, the more pliable will be the attention of the scholar.—E. D. JONES, A. M., in *Aids to Sunday-School Workers*.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION OF ANTS.

ONE day a little boy of mine, about four years old, being tired of play, threw himself down on a grassy mound to rest. Shortly after, I was startled by a sudden scream. My instant thought was that some serpent had stung him. I flew in horror to the child, but was at once reassured on seeing him covered with soldier ants, on whose nest he had laid himself down. Numbers of the ants were still clinging to him with their forceps, and continuing to sting him. My maid at once assisted me in killing them. At length, about twenty were thrown on the ground. We then carried the boy indoors.

In about half an hour I returned to the same spot, where I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones. I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started from the rest toward a hill-ock a short distance off, in which was an ants' nest. There they entered, and in about five minutes reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on, until all were ready to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden; then two others with another dead ant, and so on, until the line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about 200 ants.

Occasionally the laden ants stopped, and putting down the dead ant, it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them; and thus by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging, with their jaws, holes in the ground; into each of these a dead ant was laid, after which they labored on until they had filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending this funeral of the ants. Some six or seven of the ants attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were caught and brought back, when they were at once killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.—*Franc Buckland.*

THE LEADING HAND.

A LITTLE child, in the great city, drew away his hand from his mother, as she stood talking with a friend, and was soon lost in the crowd. There was a long and weary search; the anxious mother went up and down the streets for hours, seeking the little wanderer, and gave herself no rest until she held him in her arms again. "If my little boy had kept hold of his mother's hand, he would not have been lost," was her only chiding; and the child heeded the lesson, and as he grew to manhood, the remembrance served often to remind him of another and higher Hand of which he needed to keep "fast hold,"—the Hand that so many, in their impatience, "let go," to lose themselves in paths beset with evil.

The Children's Corner.

CHARITY.

GIVE! let the gift be ever so small;
Better do little than nothing at all;
An act of kindness, a word, a prayer
To lighten the burden of sorrow and care.

Little hands, little hearts, their little may do,—
Little words of advice, so kind and so true;
Little errands of mercy and actions of love;
Little prayers prayed in earnest for help from above.

The cheerful giver is loved of the Lord,
And charity never shall lose its reward;
E'en the poor widow's mite was better than all—
'T was best she could do, though the gift was small.



ONLY A FLOWER TO GIVE.

ANOTHER, asked little Phebe, 'have you nothing I can carry to poor Aunt Molly.'

'Phebe's mother was poor, and her closet was very scant that morning.

'I wish I had, Phebe,' said she, 'Can you think of anything?'

'Phebe thought. 'I've only a flower,' said the little girl, 'I will take her a sweet pea.'

'Phebe had a sweet pea which she had planted under her window, and as it grew and flowered, both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phebe picked one, and then ran down to a poor old sick woman, who for a whole year had lain in her bed, suffering great pain.

'In the afternoon a lady called to see Aunt Molly. She saw a sweet pea in a cracked tumbler on a small stand by the poor woman's bed.

'That pretty flower a little girl brought me this morning, who said it was all she had to bring,' said Aunt Molly, with a smile; 'I'm sure it is worth a great deal to know I'm thought of; and as I look at it, it brings up the image of green fields and the flowers I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have. If this little flower is not beneath his making and his care, he won't overlook a poor creature like me.'

'Tears came into the lady's eyes; and she thought, If you've only a

flower to give, give that. It is worth a great deal to the poor, the aged, the sick, to know that they are thought of.'

Will not the little children treasure up the lesson herein taught? and if you have only a geranium leaf, now in midwinter, to give, remember that its fragrance may prove a blessing to some poor invalid.

MRS. H. T. H. SANBORN.

JESUS IS THE LIGHT.

NELLIE GREEN lived in a dull, gloomy back room of a rear tenement house. She was a little six-year-old girl who had been deprived of sight by scarlet fever. One could scarcely

believe, to look at the great brown eyes, that "wisdom from this entrance was quite shut out." But so it was; and pitying glances often rested upon the unconscious little one. But she was blessed with a sunny spirit, and her active mind and busy fingers were ever at work, feeling after what she could not see. At Sabbath-school hers were the brightest questions and readiest replies. But whatever might be the lesson or remark, it always ended with, "May we sing,—

'The light of the world is Jesus?'

"Oh, I want to sing,

'The light of the world is Jesus?'

Very touching it was to see her dimmed eyes gazing blindly, but to feel that the windows of her soul were wide open to the light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

WORK CHEERILY, BOYS.

DO your work bravely and cheerily, boys,
Whatever the duty may be;
Work thoroughly done, without bluster or noise,
Is the kind that's delightful to see.

Then rouse in the morning with never a plea
For a few minutes longer in bed;
But up! like the wide-awake boys you should be,
With so many pets to be fed.

Your chickens have called you, and called you
in vain,
To come with their oats and their corn;
And the roosters proclaimed in their cheeriest strain
That their breakfast-time comes with the morn.

And the little white rabbits, with tender pink eyes,
Look timidly out from their nest;
I know they are watching for two little boys
To bring them what rabbits love best.

Then up and be stirring! I care not how much
You whistle and sing at your work;
If you throw your good-will into all that you touch,
You will never be tempted to "shirk."

So whatever you do, boys, though hard it may be,
Do it cheerily, bravely, and well;
Then you will be boys most delightful to see,
And men who will make their deeds tell.

—Sel.

"BRIGHTING ALL IT CAN."

THE day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, towards night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country.

A sweet voice at the window cried out in joyful tones, "Look! O look papa! the sun's brightening all it can."

"Brighting all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how."

"By looking happy, and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes. Only be happy and good; that is all."

WHAT the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That, to the world, are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

—Longfellow.

LETTER BUDGET.

CHARLIE A PATCH, of Lake City, Minn., says: "I have taken the INSTRUCTOR for two years, and like it very much. I go to Sabbath-school, and have my lesson every Sabbath. I have been to camp-meeting five times." He is trying to be a good boy, so that he may be saved with the rest of the INSTRUCTOR family.

Has his "lesson every Sabbath." That is good. We wonder how many of the children have their lesson perfect every Sabbath.

Charlie Morgan writes from Weddle, Indiana: "My aunt sends the INSTRUCTOR to me, and I like it ever so much. The premium was nice too. Please print my letter." He also sends a little piece of poetry, which he has selected. We will try to print it soon.

Alma Richard writes from Canton, D. T.: "I have taken the INSTRUCTOR for two years, and like it very much. I think it is one of the best papers published, and there is so much to be learned from its pages. I keep the Sabbath with my parents, brothers, and sisters. We attend Sabbath-school, and get the lessons from the INSTRUCTOR. We have a small Sabbath-school; there are just two families of us."

Maggie Inks writes from Wolf Lake, Indiana. She says: "I shall be eleven years old my next birthday. I live with my grandmother, and we keep the Sabbath together. Most every evening I read for her in my New Testament that I got from my Sabbath-school teacher. I go to Sabbath-school nearly every Sabbath, and want to be a member of the INSTRUCTOR family. Pray for grandmother and me that we may be faithful." That is right, Maggie; always be good to grandma, and you will never be sorry for it. So many of us have no grandma to love.

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